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THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

No. 8.—Vol. II. Saturday, February 22, 1845. {Price 1d. or Stamped, 2d.

Tracts for the People.

Salus populi suprema lex esto;"
(that is,)
"Let the SALVATION *of the people be our highest principle."*

THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

[Continued from Page 64.]

PART IV.—ITS RE-KINDLING.

"Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus."

"Restore Thy light to the fading sight,
And Thy love impart to the fainting heart."

Hymn.

"Her lamp shall not be put out in the night." *Prov.* xxxi. 18.

The fearful cry which we described at the close of last section, struck terror into the very bones of the sacrilegious robbers. The ruffian leader shook, with affright, from head to foot, his teeth chattered, and the lantern fell from his trembling hand, and was extinguished. Both he and Pierrot rushed to the door and hurried out. There they found their companion equally terrified with themselves.

"Did *you* hear that?" they both exclaimed.

"Hear it?" said he, with a trembling voice. "Aye, and do not wish, nor intend, ever to hear it again. Let us be gone; I will have nothing more to do with robbing churches. I never liked the job much from the beginning."

Both the robbers were now thoroughly alarmed, and fled as quickly as possible towards their homes, leaving Pierrot to shift for himself. His first impulse should have been, to give thanks to God for his own escape from the actual commission of a dreadful crime, and for that of his wife and daughter from the vengeance of his brutal comrades. But fear, as yet, froze up every other, and every better, feeling, and he only thought of running away from the scene of his wickedness, and finding shelter from the terrible cry which yet rung in his imagination. Instinctively he took the road towards home, and hurried along it in the dark, as quickly as his trembling knees would allow him. His remorse gave him no peace, and he fancied himself pursued; every howl of the wind in the deep ravine, sounded to him as the voice of an angry multitude in chace of him, every waving branch and quivering bough looked to him as a sword or staff shaken over his head. Yet, still he durst not look behind him, still he halted not; but on, on he ran in breathless haste.

He came to the place we have before described, where a gentle slope led up from the wider road to the narrow path skirting the precipice. He ran up it in breathless haste; the grey twilight was just beginning to appear, when by it he saw standing on the narrow path before him a wild looking figure, whose hair and garments streamed to the wind, immovable as the rock that overhung it. He paused and staggered. The words of Scripture which had once terrified him in an eloquent preacher's mouth came to his thoughts. "Fiat via illorum, tenebræ et lubricum, et Angelus Domini coaretaus eos."* He thought as Balaam stopped by an avenging angel in the narrow path. It seemed to him, as if the same judgment had overtaken him in this most perilous pass. And yet the terror of what he had left behind him urged him on, and he determined, at all risks, to face any danger before him, so that he might reach his home. He rushed forward at once to the object of his terror, but still it moved not; he stood close to it, and it stirred not. He gazed upon it with mingled terror and anxiety—it was his wife!

There she stood, as if bereft of sense and speech, on the very brink of the precipice, looking intently down into its depth. She saw him not, she heeded him not; and even when he had grasped her arm and addressed her by her name, and told her who he was, she started not, and turned not towards him, but still kept her eyes fixed in the same direction.

"Annette!" he exclaimed, almost distracted

* "May their way be dark and slippery, and an Angel of God straitening them." Ps. xxxiv.

with this new sorrow, "what are you looking at? what is there below there, that so rivets your sight and mind?"

She replied not, but only pointed at a white object below.

"What *is* that?" he again asked: "a white stone? some sheep in the valley?"

"Yes," she replied, and they were her first words: "our own lamb—Marie."

"How?" cried out the wretched man, "what is she doing there?"

At these words, her sense seemed to return to the unhappy mother, and turning round, and calmly confronting her husband, she said to him:

"Pierrot, you have no doubt forgotten that this night is the seventh anniversary of our dear child's miraculous recovery. This morning we were going to our Sanctuary to pray a while in silence, by the dear light of its lamp, before she put off her white robes. She was tripping lightly and securely before me, when suddenly we lost sight of the light from the lamp; and she naturally thinking (as I should have done had I been first) that it was time to turn, did so, and fell over the precipice. I gave but one shriek, and fell down senseless."

Pierrot felt as if a sword was driven through his heart. In a tone of agony he exclaimed: "I *have*, then, this night murdered my child! it was I who put out the lamp!" and before his wife could stop him, he had flung himself over the edge of the precipice; and seizing hold of the weak shrubs which grew from its clefts, he let himself down from crag to crag, by a path which the most daring hunter would not have ventured to try. Fragments of rock crumbled from under his feet and rolled down with terrible roar, the bushes crackled and crashed as he tore through them, regardless of bruise or tear; and in a few moments he stood, or rather kneeled, by the object at which his wife had pointed.

It was the body of his daughter, lying placid as if asleep, in a soft brake. Not a limb was broken, not a feature discomposed, not a scratch or rent inflicted on her or her garments; the very garland which she bore as an offering was still in her hand, and her white cloak was gathered gracefully around her. The body of St. Catharine, carried by angels to Mount Sinai, could not have been more gently laid down by their hands. For so light and brisk had been her step, that she did not stumble or slip over the perilous edge, but flew over, clear of its surface; and life must have been extinct without pain, long before she reached the ground below.

Pierrot knelt by her side, for some time, in deep anguish, but in earnest prayer; then taking her in his arms, as reverently as he would have handled a sacred relic, proceeded along the valley till he came to the same slope which he had ascended, with very different feelings, a few moments before, and returned along the path to the place where he had left his wife. He found her still rivetted, as if entranced to the spot. When he brought his precious burthen near her, she shed not a tear, she gave not way to a single expression of womanly grief—her mind seemed absorbed in the consideration of what had occurred, which seemed to her something more mysterious than a mere accident or a human event.

She pressed her lips with deep devotion, on the pale, but yet warm, brow of her child, and addressed her husband in these words:

"Pierrot, the words which you just now spoke, are buried for ever in the faithful bosom of your wife. But they have recalled to my mind the words of your prayer just seven years ago, when you begged for your child's life, until some sacrilegious hand extinguished the lamp before the altar. Do you remember?" Pierrot's frame quivered, as he made a sign of assent. She continued: "Then, your prayer was heard to the letter; and *you* have no right to complain.

"But she, too, hath prayed long and earnestly for two favours, and one at least has been granted. She had entreated, not to be permitted to put off the white garments which consecrated her to God and his Blessed Mother, but to be laid in them on her bier. I thought but a few hours ago, that there was no danger of this being granted. But in the hearing of *your* prayer, hers has received its boon. She made another, too, but I know not yet its result."

"What was it?" eagerly asked Pierrot. She replied:

"She offered up the life which she prized so little, as a sacrifice, to obtain your return to grace and virtue."

"Then she *has* been heard," answered, with broken sobs, the unhappy Pierrot.

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a bright light darted to the eyes of both, as if a brilliant star had on a sudden arisen. They looked round in amazement; it was the light of the lamp rekindled in the Sanctuary, and again shining as usual on that narrow and slippery path. Both hailed the omen, or rather the emblem and token of returning grace.

The good Priest had been awakened by the cry that had startled the robbers, and had arisen to ascertain its cause. He went first to his chapel, and to his astonishment found it dark. It was some time before he procured a light, and he had in that moment relighted the lamp. On finding it drawn down, and still more on perceiving that

the door was open, and discovering the lantern on the ground, he saw at once that he had had a narrow escape from sacrilege. How this had been prevented he could not conceive, and he remained examining every place, and pondering on the strange circumstance, when he perceived footsteps approaching. His alarm was changed into grief, when he saw that it was Pierrot and his wife, the former bearing in his arms the dead body of his daughter.

It was long before his sympathizing sorrow allowed him to listen to the mother's tale of affliction. She told it at last, without mentioning her husband's name, except as so rashly rushing down to recover his child. But the good old man now saw his own, and a no less beautiful solution of the mysteries of that night than that of the parents, as he said:

"Now I understand it all. Not only has her wish been gratified, of never returning to a worldly garb, but she has proved the guardian and protecting spirit of this her favourite Sanctuary, which she so much adorned. But for that fatal accident to her, and the pang it caused her mother, the robbers, whoever they were, would have accomplished their work. For, no doubt, the cry which awoke me scared them. By her death she has saved this holy place from pillage. She was herself as a second Lamp of the Sanctuary; how natural that the putting out of one should cause the extinction of the other."

Their plans were soon arranged. A bier was placed in the middle of the Church, on the very spot where she loved to kneel, and covered with a black velvet pall. Upon it, facing the altar, the corpse was placed, in its snow-white spotless dress, the hands with her crucifix placed between them, and her beads twined around them, were joined on the breast; her long silken tresses floated on her shoulders, and the wreath which she had twined was placed upon her head.

On either side knelt one of her now broken-hearted parents; but Pierrot soon passed to the knees of the venerable Pastor, where he poured forth with deep contrition and burning tears the history of his past crimes, and exchanged the stinging worm of a remorseful conscience, for the tender consolation of loving repentance, and assurance of pardon by the absolution of Christ's minister.

He was again at his former post, kneeling by the body of his child. But now her spirit seemed to him to hover in the soft radiance above him, and to smile upon him in the rays of the sacred lamp. He could imagine it mingling with angelic choirs descending to rejoice over the sinner brought to repentance, and flitting around him, hand in hand with that guardian spirit who had never abandoned him in all his wanderings. And as he looked, to assure himself of the reality of his state, to the bier beside him, it seemed to him as if a new smile played upon her features, and a tinge of life had returned to her countenance.

Morning was come, and the well-known death-bell sounded from the little turret of the chapel. The neighbours started at its voice; for they had heard of no illness near them, and crowded in kind anxiety to the Sanctuary. They started as they entered in astonishment and sorrow. The tale was soon whispered from one to another; the flight of those naturally suspected of the attempted sacrilege, confirmed all their conjectures; while Pierrot's being with his wife and daughter screened him from all suspicion.

Many tears of unaffected sorrow graced that funeral, but shed more in sympathy for the survivors, than from grief over her whom all now envied. Mothers held up their little ones to look upon that corpse; and, instead of shrinking from it in terror, they stretched out their arms to ask to embrace it.

There was long in the little cemetery of Mont-Marie, a grave greener than all the rest, and decked each day by children's hands with the fairest flowers; and if you had asked any of the busy little labourers whose it was, he would have told you with wondering eyes, that it was *Marie's*—as if no one else had ever been called there by that name.

After some years there were two other graves near the favourite spot; they were those of her parents, honoured by all for virtue and venerable old age. Pierrot left it to be told after his death, how his virtue and his happiness, his crimes, his punishment, his repentance, and his forgiveness, had been wonderfully connected with the Lamp of the Sanctuary. M.

SHERBORNE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.

CAMDEN says, when speaking of "Shirburn," that in William the Conqueror's reign, the Episcopal see, which had been previously there, was transferred to Salisbury, reserving Sherborne to the succeeding Bishops for a retiring place. Upon this his annotator, Gibson, makes the following observation:

"Shirburne, which our author tells us is a retiring place of the Bishops of Salisbury. But since the Reformation (all the old bishoprics having been cruelly lopped) Salisbury has lost this (the chief rents only reserved) to the Crown. The main end it has been put to is to gratify great favourites; none of whom having long enjoyed it, the world has took occasion from this and other like instances to make a remark, that *Church lands will not stick by lay owners.*"

The watch cannot say, the watch-maker does not exist. The creature cannot deny the existence of the Creator.

PLAGUE AT MILAN.

CHAPTER IV.

Dreadful Poverty in Milan, and the means St. Charles employed for its remedy.

[Continued form page 68.]

When the Milanese found that the Plague increased every day, in spite of the pains that were taken for its remedy, their alarm increased; so that each one thinking of his own safety, took every possible precaution, and kept aloof from others. This put an end to commerce, the merchants discharged their workmen, who were become absolutely useless to them; the gentlemen and citizens sent away many of their servants; so that Milan was filled with a multitude of people who were on the point of dying of hunger, not being able to gain a livelihood in the city, nor to go out of it, because in all the surrounding places persons coming from Milan were forbidden to enter. These poor people not knowing what to do, by a common consent resolved to go to the Cardinal, and they entered his palace two and two, having the horrors of death on their faces. The holy Archbishop was moved with compassion when he saw all these poor people prostrate themselves at his feet, begging him as much by their tears as by their confused words to have pity on them in their distress. He considered them as his children, consoled them, and promised to give them relief. Although he was much embarrassed at that time, he placed his trust in God, and believed that He would give him the means of relieving them. Episcopal charity is ingenious, and finds means, when it appears destitute: without delay, he considered how he could occupy them so that they might gain their living, and finding that many were strong and robust, he employed them in the care of the sick in the hospitals, &c., and to clean out the houses, or some other works for the city. As there were about four hundred whom he could not employ, after having entertained them for some time under the Portico of St. Stephen, he sent them to a mansion four or five leagues from Milan, where he provided them with every thing necessary for their nourishment, clothes, and furniture; and for their spiritual want, he gave the direction of them to the Capuchin Monks, giving them certain rules for prayer, frequenting the Sacraments, and spiritual reading. He also established a judge, with the permission of the officers of state, to judge and punish any offender. He often visited them, and exhorted with words so full of the love of God, that they blessed the affliction which had caused them to be placed under his care—they lived with so much piety and modesty that they seemed like some religious order. This was a great expense to the Cardinal: he gave all he could of his own, and borrowed large sums to defray the expenses: it was wonderful how he could provide for them: the providence of God appeared visibly in his conduct, and it seemed as though money and other things were multiplied in his hands, like the loaves in the desert. He made collections every where for them, and sent them two by two, with the crucifix and singing litanies, to inspire the people to help them. By all these means he provided for their wants.

When the winter came on, he did not know how the poor people would be clothed; he, therefore, stripped his house of all the furniture which could be useful for them, and had it made up into clothing for them. This charity gave an example which was followed by many of the inhabitants of Milan; and the ladies brought him their jewels, that he might dispose of them for the relief of the poor. Whatever pains the holy Archbishop took to stop the progress of the plague, it continued to increase, so that he found evidently that it was a scourge from God, as he had already predicted many times, and that in consequence they must have recourse to Him, and not trust to human means. He ordered general processions, fasts, alms, and prayers, three days in the week; and he exhorted all the people to confess and communicate the next Sunday, which was the 6th anniversary of the day when they had gained the famous victory over the Turks at Lepanto. He hoped that this day which had been so favourable to the Christians would be so also for the Milanese; and for this reason he obtained from the Pope a plenary indulgence for those who should accomplish the good works we have enumerated. It pleased God to give visible signs that these public acts of piety were agreeable to Him, for among so great a concourse of people not one caught the evil, for having assisted at them; and this may be considered an undoubted miracle. St. Charles established also other devotional exercises in Milan and in his diocese, to appease the anger of God. But although he left nothing undone, the wrath of God still appeared more and more, and the plague increased every day. The incomparable virtue of St. Charles shone out still brighter upon this; for though it seemed that God was inflexible, and that the more they endeavoured to appease Him, the more his anger was kindled against them, he did not lose his courage, and never in the least degree distrusted the goodness of God; on the contrary, he was always so convinced that he would at last deliver this desolated city from the scourge, that one day preaching in the cathedral, he promised publicly on the part of God, that if the people would really do penance and change their lives, the plague should cease before Christmas; and this happened as he had predicted.

[*To be continued.*]

Adversity.—Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the falling industrious. Much might be said in favour of adversity, but the worst of it is, it has no friends.

Honour, innocence, happiness, time, and money lost, are never regained.

A wise man neither suffers himself to be governed, nor does he seek to govern others; he would have reason and religion alone govern.

The worthy man is discreet; he may notice the failings of others, but he never speaks of them.

Most men employ the first part of their life to make the other miserable.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN:

A SIMPLE STORY.

Who does not love our country church-yards? Who does not feel his heart softened as he roams among the osier-twisted graves, or gazes at the simple headstone, which tells of the departure to that bourne whence no traveller returns of perhaps some beloved relat ve or friend, cut off in the very spring of existence, while the tide of life run fresh within them? Oh! it is a touching scene to wander thus amongst the habitations of the dead, in the still peaceful evening hour, when the villagers have retired to their early rest, and all nature seems buried in forgetfulness!—Such were the feelings of Arthur Elmslie, as he wandered among the grass-grown hillocks, over which, whilst a boy, he had so carelessly strayed. Ten years have passed away, youth has ripened into manhood, and his once fair complexion has assumed an olive tinge, imparted to it by a warmer climate. The rising moon assisted him in his solemn search, for hill and dale, and wood and water, were flooded in her silvery light. He stopped before one, whose headstone told of the deaths of two most dear to him, his noble hearted brother, the playmate of his infancy, his merry little blue-eyed Rose; both cut off by disease, within a few short days of each other. Edgar, who had proudly told him at the moment of his parting, that when he returned he should have grown a man, and would go to sea with him the next time; and Rose, his pretty Rose, even now a tear trickled down the sailor's manly face as he remembered how she, a child of ten years old, had clung round his neck, and, amidst her grief, had sobbed out, that she should never see him more. Poor Rose, at twenty years of age, had been taken to a better world. A few flowers, evidently culled that evening, had been thrown upon the graves. His mother, or sisters, then, had visited that spot but a few hours since. Did not those poor flowers betoken their affection for the lost ones? Arthur looked again at the grave-stone, upon the cross which was there placed, and other and holier thoughts pressed upon his mind. He had been nurtured in the ancient faith; and sinking on his knees, he prayed long and earnestly for the souls of the departed; and when again he rose, if indeed his heart was sad, yet he was resigned.

The shades of evening had deepened into night, ere the wanderer prepared to leave the church-yard. As he passed the old church, beautiful amidst decay, he remembered the poor and humble building in which he had been used, as a child, to offer up his prayers. His deep religious feelings had been fostered by his pious parents; and, oh! for the days when England was Catholic, burst from his lips, when the solemn requiem swelled in plaintive chant through that venerable pile, when the stoled priest stood by the grave to pray that the soul of the departed might rest in peace!

But the deep sound of the clock, as it struck the hour of ten, warned him that he must linger no more; and he hastily pursued his way through the village. He paused for a moment, ere he placed his hand upon the gate of a small cottage, plain in the extreme, yet evidently the residence of people raised above the common class of life. He was, in fact, hesitating as to whether he should make himself known, or not. He, however, decided upon the latter; and observing a light glimmering from the parlour window, with a trembling hand he rung the bell. To the inquiries of the servant, he merely requested to speak with Mr. Elmslie, having brought them news of their son.

He was admitted into the parlour, where sat his parents, with Alice and Mary, his two remaining sisters; and eagerly was he questioned as to the health and prosperity of Arthur. For a moment he had striven to carry on the deceit; but "Father! mother!" burst from his lips—"Mary! Alice! do do you too forget me?"

Reader! it were vain to attempt to describe the joy of such a meeting. If you have known the sorrow of a parting, if you have felt the pain of leaving those whom you dearly love, fearing, perhaps, that on earth you never may meet again, if that hour of meeting *has* again arrived, then can you imagine the feelings of this family. Yet all earthly pleasure has something of sorrow wherewith it is clouded; the untimely deaths of Edgar and Rose, who had never been absent from the family circle, rose from time to time on the thoughts of all, and ever somewhat damped (such is earthly bliss) the happiness attendant on the *Wanderer's Return.*

Agnes M. Stewart.

SINGULAR RACING AT ROME.

The Corso is a long street, terminating in a square at one end, and at the other in the Piazza del Popolo, where the starting and winning posts are severally placed. The senator and his squadrons passing along was the signal for the opening of the carnival. Then all our carriages immediately followed; and for a couple of hours we drove up and down in two regular lines, until we were cleared off by a troop of dragoons. The foot-passengers, however, remained stationary on either side unscathed. Our party repaired to a balcony commanding a view of the scene of action. After waiting about an hour, we saw eight or nine most gaily caparisoned horses dash along the Corso, without any riders, achieving as well-run a race as possible. No jockeys could have directed them with more intensity of purpose to the winning-post; there is something very beautiful in their own volition, as it appears, sending them thus fleetly on. Gold paper was attached in some way slightly to their housings, and kept dropping in small particles—looking as if their feet kicked up gold sand or dust at every movement. They are, I am told, urged forwards by small spurs, which act as they move, but which are concealed. The noble animals seem as if they were flying of their own accord before the wind, as one might imagine Arabian steeds scouring a desert, pleasure their sole incentive.—*Winter in Italy.*

THE REFLECTING PROTESTANT'S ARGUMENT.

[Continued from page 59.]

It cannot well be denied that the Reformation, by the subjection of faith to mere reason, with respect to political affairs particularly, has remarkably contributed to the success of Luther's undertaking; because by this means the rulers obtained the properties of the suppressed religious foundations, and the temporal powers a freedom from the church, and even a power over her, which had not formerly been thought of. But since the church here, in consequence of the licence of reason, has lost all inward self-existence; since, moreover, the so-called symbolical books,* which ought to serve as the foundation of evangelical belief, are but partially known, or much more only by name, by the greater part of the public; and since the church is generally considered only as a bystander, and most frequently also not looked upon with any particular respect; since, farther, the superintendence of the spiritual tribunals, is, for the same reasons, in its most important part almost entirely without effect; since, in fine, every one, according to the present arrangement, may believe or not believe, what he, according to his own peculiar views, considers good or not good; therefore, it is quite indispensably necessary on the part of the state, according to its view, to allow such an authority over the church.

But let us not on this account break the staff over the Protestant clergy universally; there is among them a great number of excellent men, who really desire what is good. But their hands are so bound, their means of working upon the soul and the heart are so weakened by the degraded condition of the church, that they with the exercise of all their force, and with the best wishes, can scarcely effect more than an upright noblythinking man can effect without being a clergyman. On the other side, consider the fearful demoralising influence which human faults and sins have on the morality of the separate parishes communicated to them, and the immense injury which must thence necessarily ensue to the authority both of the clergy and of the church. For the Protestant clergyman stands before his parish as *teacher*, and with respect to his conduct as *example;* consequently, *as man in its most exact sense:* in his regard we can by no means suppose a separation of the holy office from the person, as with respect to the Catholic Priest. The sorrowful consequences of this false position lie plainly before us: we find numerous parishes whose morals have been almost utterly destroyed by an immoral clergyman; and since the clergy, above all, wants the necessary higher dignity, and thus constantly loses respect by such human faults; since the church herself, in consequence of the idea which is the foundation of Protestantism, by the dictatorship of reason, constantly degenerates more and more towards a simple human institution, and consequently is entirely deprived of all spiritual influence, all higher force; therefore, in this, redress cannot possibly be expected, and the Protestant church in consequence must inevitably fall to decay.

Protestantism wants particularly that holy bond of the sacraments† which gives to life itself its higher signification, and by means of which the clergyman must necessarily possess a much more elevated and influential position than is possible in the Protestant church. The holiness, which in the Catholic church surrounds our whole earthly life as with a radiant crown, is here quite wanting; the symbolical sense is lost to man, for the greater part of the sacraments are here considered as not canonical, and consequently abolished; it wants that intimate penetration of the divine and human; the true holy essence of our earthly life is by the entire want of unity in the church lost, and life itself brought down to a state common and without signification. The formerly existing oral confession among Protestants has been for fifty years rejected and abolished, and in its place the so-called *general confession* has been introduced; accordingly the penitent makes no special confession of his faults and sins to the clergyman; the whole affair is rather arranged with a general formula, and the clergyman then absolves him with some general, and at the same time also, very meagre sounding words with little meaning.

From this freedom in matters of faith, and also the subordinate condition of the church, naturally arises also the ever-decreasing attendance at church, and the circumstance that the number of those who go to confession and receive the holy communion becomes every year less. For this holy sacrament also here loses its high worth, and it sinks, since its deep symbolical sense is lost, to a simple external form, farther than which

* In what consideration the symbolical books are universally held by Protestants may be seen from the circumstance, that the general superintendent Breischneider of Gotha, who is at present considered as the chief support of Protestantism, in several of his writings, finds and points out many things in them to be set aside, as they no longer correspond with the pretension of *present advancing reason!*

† Luther and Melancthon have several times expressed themselves to this effect, that he who firmly adheres to the godly promise in faith has no want of the Sacraments. Zuinglius considered the sacraments as simple ceremonies, by means of which man shows himself to be a member of the church and a follower of Christ.

the major part think very little. I myself know hundreds, I might well say thousands, who, since this is once formally prescribed, after having completed their fourteenth year, and having received Confirmation, went to Communion, and after that perhaps once, or at most twice, as long as they were under inspection, but later, for the reasons above adduced, never again. The important part of the Protestant worship consists particularly in the sermon. But there by no means exists an obligation to attend at it; consequently, no person, not even the clergyman, is authorised to superintend the attendance at church, or even the receiving of the holy sacrament. He who feels pleasure or a disposition to go to church goes, but he whose taste the preacher does not please, he who moreover finds anything to object to him as man, or for any other reason, or, in fine, he who in general is not inclined to assist at the public worship, remains quietly and without scruple at home. But what is the consequence of this freedom and absence of restraint? The common man sinks down to what is ordinary and of every day occurrence; he has no feeling but for the enjoyment of sense; he leaves the church as it is, and thoughtlessly lives on without troubling himself to ask what is his future destination, what is the higher aim of his existence, without thanking the Almighty Father in heaven with real fervour for the endless love with which he surrounds, preserves, and supports him. The better, deeper feeling man, however, perceives with shuddering this comfortless wilderness, for the holy, happy refreshment which the *true* church affords us in such abundant, noble measure, is here quite lost to him. Since, as we have said, the church is considered only as accessory, it is plain why in Protestant countries the places dedicated to religious worship are only opened a few hours in the morning and afternoon on Sundays and festivals. In addition, perhaps, also on the week-days in the afternoon a so-called hour of prayer is held, but which persons do not attend, in order not to be suspected as idlers or devotees. For the disorder even goes so far, that the few aged people who on such days frequent the church are pitied or despised for the weakness of their intentions. He, therefore, who being sorely pressed in the conflict of earthly life, wishes to seek comfort from heaven, and for this purpose to open his heart to God in his sanctuary, must in Protestant countries take care to do it on Sunday morning from seven till ten, and in the evening from one till three; at other times it is out of place. Yet generally such thoughts do not strike a Protestant.

And as, through freedom from the authority of the church, respect for the Most Holy gradually disappears so has reason on its side continued to make greater progress. The miracles of Christ are explained by some quite according to nature; they consider Jesus as a man of very good moral cultivation, and attribute to him a kind of magnetic power, in order to give to reason a certain basis on which to explain some of his miracles. But others deny these miracles totally and entirely, and consider them as idle dreams or deceit.* Farther, the outward ceremonial of worship in the Protestant church has been in a great measure abolished, and what remains does not belong to the holy worship itself, but is to be considered simply as superfluous accompaniment, by which the simplicity of worship is rather disturbed than promoted. Luther himself did not venture to take away so much from the ceremonial, but what he left is exposed to the same objection. Thus, for example, in large towns church music, as Catholic masses, and the like, is produced; but this music is nothing else than a kind of enticement for those who are disposed to gratify their senses distinct from the worship of God. Therefore is the church usually much frequented during the music; but when that is finished, and the actual worship of God is about to begin, then nine tenths of those who are present usually flock away. Other leaders of sects which have originated in Protestantism have wished to restore the church in her original simplicity and purity, and have for this account condemned all ceremonies without exception. How very partially and blindly these men have acted in this, must immediately occur to him who considers the subject more exactly. Man is a being of the senses, in whom the exercise of the spiritual powers is confined by the bond of the body. Were we pure spirits without the bodily clothing of the senses, then indeed we should want nothing which addressed itself to the senses to convey to us heavenly, purely spiritual ideas. But with us, bound to the sensual element, and to a being which possesses earthly confines in the senses, this is necessary. And besides, who has with reason conceived the idea of comparing himself, with respect to the external condition of Christianity, with the first professors of Christianity? The first Christians were principally poor, simple men, living in very confined circumstances; they embraced Christianity because it gave them heavenly consolations in opposition to heathenish doctrines; because it pointed to an eternal reward for a pious, earthly life troubled by sufferings, in that better, spiritual world after death, to our heavenly home; and showed them the future

* I may remind the reader of the efforts of the so-called Philalethen Society of Holstein, which totally rejects Christianity, and would substitute for it a kind of Hegelianism. See the Pamphlets printed and distributed gratis in the year 1842, by this society in Hamburgh, *without censure!*

happy union with Christ and all the saints before the throne of God. But they were obliged to celebrate their worship in stillness and secrecy, often in remote caverns, and even in catacombs under the earth, in order not to be discovered by traitors, and delivered up to the temporal, still heathen authorities, and the most fearful torments. But these times of danger are past; we celebrate our worship freely and openly; we need no more seek remote and secret spots for that purpose; and since man perceives every thing by means of the senses, since, in addition as we have above remarked, *art* (in which that which is above our senses, the Divine, is luminously represented in a beautiful form which speaks to our senses), is the language of man, in which we can in an especial manner elevate ourselves to the expression of the highest and holiest ideas, which cannot be conveyed by words; therefore, consequently it is indispensably necessary that the holy worship of the church should be celebrated by outward sublime splendour and magnificence. Moreover, it will never occur to any one, even of the sects, to celebrate their worship in a cavern of the earth, or indeed in a grave; no, people rather build worthy, proper buildings; and these also, if their views were correct, would be quite out of place.

If we now once more briefly collect the results of this faithful and true exposition of the relations of the Protestant Church, we shall find that,

1. Through the abuse of reason, and the freedom of faith and conscience thereby introduced, true faith, the flower of a higher world, has been deprived of its inward holiness and spiritual power, and the church, by dogmatical contests and theological disputes leading to nothing, of her unity and independence; she has been degraded to a simple, human institution.

2. When man was deprived of the higher symbolical signification by the consequent abolition of the holy sacraments, which intimately unite our whole mortal life from the cradle to the grave to eternal life and the Godhead, his life lost thereby its higher signification; it sank down to the common and daily; and as the superiority of reason destroys true, holy faith, and faith was deprived of its deep blessings, imparting truly sublime influence on earthly life; so was gate and door thrown open to a corruption of morals, which continued to spread more devastatingly from year to year.

3. The Protestant clergyman lost thereby the higher dignity; he lost the highly important, yes, indispensably necessary influence on the spiritual, religious, and moral life of men; he became a servant of the state, and fell consequently under the superintendence of the juridical tribunals, under which the church must necessarily be deprived of all higher self-existence. And from these premises we may conclude with perfect certainty, that the Protestant Church is digging its own grave, and that its total decline is perhaps much nearer than is thought; since it is easily perceived that the man of common understanding will soon entirely free himself from the last remnant of ecclesiastical form, and give himself up to pure naturalism, whilst the better and deep-feeling man must feel himself drawn to the only and ever true Catholicism.

And even that pure naturalism is to be considered simply as a supporting, but passing transition point on the smooth, unsteady manner of thinking of the present time.

For let us consider well, that the obscure voice of God which speaks its demands, in the deepest breast of man, can be appeased and silenced neither by this philosophism which refuses all higher, spiritual support, nor by those sanctioned defects. It is true that thousands have already been lost in the world of sin, and thousands will yet be lost; but by far the greater part longs and strives with obscure, inward impulse after that higher, holy bond which unites us to that happy land beyond the grave; he clings perhaps to the weak *threads*, but he finds in this meagre doctrine divested of all that is High, and all that is Holy, no comfort, no repose. Misfortune often bursts upon a house; man sees himself deserted by all mortal aid; in his anguish and despair he catches at the staff of this religion, but it gives a feeble, or perhaps even no support; and how could the distracted soul find in this church, dishonoured by the loss of her highest spiritual support, and degraded by reason to a mere human institution, that holy, immoveable trust in God's eternal mercy, and a certain prospect of that happy future beyond the tomb!

These are indeed but the words of a laic, and at present they go forth alone; but it is the inward voice, the deep conviction, only not expressed from fear and conventional considerations of many thousands among Protestants. And let us compare in this respect the events of latter times.

In our German Protestant countries the morals of the lower classes as we have said through the above censured want of a spiritual bond in the church have degenerated, and they continue still more to degenerate; the state, however, in vain uses all possible means to check the ever-increasing disorder. The great majority here consider the Sunday almost universally as a day of amusement and intoxicating sensual enjoyment. Of the church and its frequentation little is thought, and many go there only mechanically, without the impulse of any deeper feeling. But in the afternoon begins the giddiness of sensual pleasures, and thus the evening and night is feasted and

rioted away in the commonest manner in dancing-rooms, and in the most immoral society. On the Monday the coarse man goes with disgust and deadened senses to his weekly labour again, which with many only serves to enable them to pass the next Sunday again in the same intoxication of the senses. Much less does one person think during the week of a pious elevation of the soul to God; no one prays, and he who would do it must do it in secret, in order not to be laughed at by his equals. For since all power over the soul has been taken from the church, since reason and understanding alone possess the dictatorship, every remaining obstacle which the church could oppose to this fearful inroad of moral corruption has been levelled. For example, several years ago the formerly existing church discipline was abolished, and expressly on this account great complaints have often been made by very respectable theologians. But all this will and must find a speedy termination, for what is merely human bears within itself the germ of destruction.

In England, however, where the Sunday is held holy as the day of pious elevation of the soul to God, even in England, where in consequence of the Presbyterian composition of the church a much more religious and severe opinion prevails than amongst the German Protestants, thousands of cases have happened in later times, where members of the Anglican church have passed over to Catholicism, where they have betaken themselves to the bosom of Holy Church in order to obtain that comfort, that Divine protection, and that high happy repose in the earthly tumult of the world, which their church cannot give them. And what happened and still daily happens there, takes place also in our country. When fifty or a hundred years are past, my word, which is founded on an attentive, deep, and lengthened observation, will be fulfilled in the most splendid manner.

Of those amongst the Protestant clergy who here and there present themselves in no very christian manner, who fight with arms that are usually seen only in common hands, and who even from the pulpit attack the dignity of the Catholic clergy, let no one be afraid! Such persons have scarcely any effect on ordinary individuals, and the views of the learned man are in no way changed by them; to him such conduct is rather an abhorrence, and he considers it the more objectionable, because he knows well that the fearful cancer which consumes Protestantism can be healed by none, much less by such unwarrantable means. And what that mighty and zealous partisan of Weimar says in the Reformation sermon composed by him for the year 1838 of the Catholic clergy: "*What they begin and do is the sign of an imperative despairing combat, in which they put forth their last strength*"—this literally and exactly suits these leaders of the Protestant party. With them it is the last despairing combat, and of that the clergymen of this persuasion are well convinced, therefore do they seek to collect a party, and to preserve themselves in any possible manner; but in this they will and can in no way succeed. A total remedy by means of measures of reformation is the less to be entertained, as by that means reason must lose its usurped right, and thus the supporting principle of Protestantism itself would be entirely destroyed.

Yes, the pillars of Protestantism rest on unstable ground; they already tremble, and soon will they be overturned; reason succumbs in her powerlessness, and man in his solitary state feels deeply the comfortless, spiritual void; he will, he must revert to comfort, to deliverance, and where should, where can he find them else than in the bosom of the holy Catholic church, towards which his inward voice, full of presentiment and full of joyful faith, attracts him! He will again approach his holy Mother, and she, full of ever-blessing love, will open to him her arms in the spirit of the Redeemer, will surround him with holy support and comfort, and guide him into the way to that better future, to the heavenly happiness of the pure spirits.

THE SACRAMENTS.

By the superficial and unthinking, the sacraments of the Church may be viewed as little else than symbols of an external communion between its members. But whoever has fully explored the subject, must be struck with the wonderful combination of wisdom and of mercy that appears in these instruments of salvation. From his cradle to his manhood, and from his manhood to the grave, religion deserts not the tender object of her solicitude. She watches at his birth, and protects him in his childhood, by regenerating him in the waters of baptism. At that doubtful period of life, when the struggle between grace and nature becomes most fierce and likely to be most fatal, she anoints him with chrism more efficacious than the oil which strengthened the wrestlers in the ancient combats, and puts a staff into his hand, to sustain his faltering footsteps. Occasionally refreshed with the Eucharist—"the bread which came down from heaven"—he journeys on his pilgrimage; and should he stumble in his path, he rises again, aided by the grace of penance, with renovated energy from his fall. Should he stop in his career without trying the perils of any other state of life, religion lingers with him; but should he resolve to go forward and cross the threshold of orders or of marriage, religion, like a faithful sentinel, still "watches at the pillars of the gate," to warn him of his danger, or cheer him on his way. And when at length he reaches the goal of life, exhausted by fatigue, and ready to sink under the accumulated wounds of his spiritual warfare, religion, faithful to the last, watches at his couch, with peace on her accents and "healing on her wing." Touched with the sacred unction, the emblem of soundness and of strength, his bruised spirit is restored, and all the Christian hero is roused within him: obedient to her voice, which bids it to depart with hope, his soul freely leaves its confinement, while religion, still following with longing eye, sends forth a fervent prayer for its repose; till at length, bearing the precious mediation of his immolated Son, she accompanies the departed spirit to the tribunal of the Almighty.—MACHALE.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MRS. MARY KNIGHT, OF KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA.

[It is contrary to the custom of this journal, as is well known to its readers, to record any events, however interesting, which may be considered as coming under the designation of *news*; but if we appear to break through our rule on the present occasion, it is not so much to notify the happy departure of a spirit to receive the reward of its labours, as to bear testimony, as from our experience we can, to the fervent piety and exceeding charity of the deceased and her bereaved husband, and thus to encourage our readers to secure peace and joy at the moment of death, by pursuing during the vigour of life the way of active benevolence, as did she whose obsequies are here commemorated.]

On Friday, 17th instant, the funeral obsequies of Mrs. Mary Knight were celebrated by a solemn Dirge and Requiem Mass at St. Mary's Chapel, Cadogan-street, Chelsea.

The appearance of the chapel was solemn and imposing. In the centre, and just below the sanctuary railing, was placed the funeral bier, surmounted by the crucifix, with rows of lighted candles burning on either side. The altar, pulpit, &c., were furnished *en suite;* the entire sanctuary was encircled by assistant-clergymen in surplices; and the presence of a numerous congregation, attired in mourning, and anxious to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, completed the sombre effect.

Among the clergy present we observed the Very Rev. J. Rolfe, (chief chanter), the Rev. William Knight, nephew of the deceased; Rev. Drs. Picquot, Cox, and De Lima; Rev. Messrs. Horrabin, Foley, Jones, George Rolfe, Bugden, Butler, Bowman, Collingridge, Hunt, Henry Lea, O'Neal, Nerinckx, Kay, Telford, Wareing, Hearsnep, Coyle, Lazarien, Kelly, Conway, &c., in all nearly forty clergymen, by whom the entire Requiem was chanted, accompanied occasionally by the organ.

At the conclusion of the office a solemn High Mass for the dead was celebrated by the Rev. T. Sisk, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Cox, and the Rev. J. Bower, as deacon and sub-deacon, the Very Rev. Monsignor V. Eyre acting as master of the ceremonies. After the epistle, the *Dies Iræ Dies Illa* was intoned by the Rev. P. Collingridge, and chanted by the attendant clergy, holding lighted tapers, which were burned, at intervals, during the remainder of the mass. At the elevation of the Blessed Sacrament, a thrilling sensation was visibly produced on the mind of every Catholic present by the sudden vibration of the chapel bell, relic of Catholic times, at whose solemn sound the Christians of by-gone days, whether in the house, in the highways, or in the fields, would humbly prostrate themselves in prayer for the departed spirit, and implore a participation for themselves also in the blessings of that holy and august sacrifice.

After mass the pall was removed, and disclosed a very neat coffin, covered with black, and handsomely finished with brass furniture, and having a crucifix and maltese cross on the lid. At the end of the coffin, on a brass plate, was placed the following inscription:—

MARY KNIGHT,
OLIM LORYMER,
Born 7th October, 1782,
Died 11th January, 1845.
May her Soul rest in Peace.

Within this case was inclosed a leaden coffin, containing the body of the deceased.

The body was then removed in procession, for interment in the family-vault under the chapel, in the new Catholic cemetary in Cadogan-street, the ground for which has been purchased by Joseph Knight, Esq., the husband of the deceased lady, at a cost of about £5,000.

As the existing state of the law in England does not permit our clergy to appear abroad in canonicals, that reverend body, disrobed themselves of their surplices prior to leaving the chapel: they disposed them, however, neatly folded, across the left arm, and each bore in his hand an unlighted taper. To the uninitiated this proceeding must have appeared somewhat singular; to our thinking it rather increased the interest of the occasion. The funeral procession then moved forward from the chapel in the following order:—

Beadle of the Capel.
Brothers of St. Vincent of Paul,
with wands, two-and-two.
Processional Cross-bearer.
Assistants.
School Children, two-and-two.
Incense-bearers
Acolythes.
Master of the Ceremonies
Clergy, two-and-two.
Rev. Thomas Sisk,
Officiating Clergyman.
THE CORPSE.

Female Charity Children. } Pall-bearers. { Female Charity Children.

Chief Mourners,
Rev. William Knight.
Thomas A. Perry, Esq.
Other Mourners, two-and-two.

In this order, the clergy reciting the *De profundis*, &c., by the way, the procession reached the cemetery, followed by an immense concourse of spectators, anxious to witness this novel, but really Catholic ceremony. On arriving at the ground, the clergy resumed their surplices, and the children of the poor-schools formed an avenue to the chapel, through which the procession passed to the family vault beneath. The body having been deposited in its last resting place, the funeral service was concluded, and the procession quitted the cemetery in the same order as before.

From the vault the clergy and mourners adjourned to the school-house, or convent, as it is familiarly designated, which was thrown open to the public to witness the "distribution of alms" to a numerous train of indigent claimants. This well-timed benovelence was certainly a most interesting feature in the programme of the day's proceedings. In the refectory of the convent (fitting place for dispensing bounty to the poor) 400 quartern loaves were distributed to aged and needy persons, in quantities proportioned to their necessities. Sixpence in money was also given with each loaf, accompanied with an admonition to pray for the repose of the soul of their departed benefactress; but this exhortation seemed scarcely to be needed. Among the poor alms-people there were many whose tears and prayers bespoke the remembrance of her past benevolence, and earnest invocation for her future happiness. During this interesting proceeding the school children, to the number of 400, were refreshed with buns in the adjacent school room. The distribution of the alms was conducted by the Brothers of St. Vincent of Paul.

The feelings of surviving relatives can hardly fail to have been consoled into pious resignation by the solemn ceremonial we have described. Joined to the prayers of the church, the voices of many whose piety had been enkindled by her presence among them, and whose benevolence had been warmed into activity by her example, were fervently raised to heaven in her behalf; and, while they prayed for her, they prayed also that they like her, might "die the death of the just." The transition from time to eternity by the passage of the grave is always fearful to the religious mind; but that fear is a holy, a confiding fear; a fear which avoids the guilt of presumption, yet beholds no terrors in death, but only the accomplishment of the will of God.

The funeral was conducted by Mr. O'Keefe, the respectable undertaker of New-road, Chelsea, by whom the body was privately conveyed from the family residence on the night preceding the dirge, and deposited in the chapel. Mr. O'Keefe has been for many years the chapel undertaker, and conducted the funeral of the late venerable Abbe Voyaux, its founder; on which occasion, as on the present, the arrangements commanded general approbation. On the whole we believe that this truly Catholic and solemn ceremonial cannot fail to have produced a very lively sensation in the immediate vicinity of Chelsea.—*Orthodox Journal.*

DR. FORSTER'S ADVICE

Of Fasting and Abstinence—intended for the use of those who desire to observe the Fasts of the Christian Church.

No. II.

As the fast of Lent is a useful alterative in spring, so is the little fast of Advent a good substitute for the old silly custom of blood-letting again in Autumn. It prepares us likewise for the feasts of Christmas and the New Year, just as Lent does for those of Easter and Whitsuntide; and we enjoy the return to the festive circle round the wassail bowl, ten times more than the puritan does, whose gloomy and imaginationless mind exhibits, in its never-varying dullness and density, the effects of the gross food which he lives on all the year round. The fasting days, too, which occur on the Vigils of Feasts, are useful preparations; they not only produce great power of watchfulness and mental exertion during the vigil, but prepare for the festive enjoyment of the next day.

The fasts on the Ember Days likewise, and the abstinence during the Rogations, all occur at periods very conveniently placed, so as to act medicinally as alteratives. When Sir Isaac Newton was writing his *Principia*, he lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water; otherwise, he would not have achieved his undertaking. What are the literary productions of the present day, compared with those of our ancestors, who practised fasting and austerity? Our boasted march of intellect is become rather the fandango of frivolity. Literature and science are now less intensified, though more expanded than formerly, and I ween, that one sheet, to use the poet's phrase, of sterling midæval metal, fused out into modern brass, would fill volumes of trifling tracts and pennyworths of learning. It was the abstinence, fasts, and rigorous discipline of our ancestors that rendered the native genius of those great men an available fountain of knowledge. St. Jerome, St. Basil, Tertullian, Porphery, and other writers, have, therefore, been justly eloquent on the subject of these healthful practices.

The high average longevity of the Poor Clares, the Barefooted Carmelites, the Teresians, and some other religious orders, who observe the more severe fasts and abstinences, show that such practices conduce to permanent strength, free us from that premature decrepitude and loss of sense, so much dreaded in the approach of death, and insure us, *volente Deo*, all those delights, even to the last, which Cicero seems, by his book *De Senectute*, to have been so nervously anxious to believe in. Some false reasoners adduce the case of old drunkards, to prove that debauchery is not the cause of disease. But these are rare instances, and a closer inquiry will convince any one, that redundant stimulus and repletion in youth, is the cause why so few people live to the natural term of life. Cornaro, who only began a course of temperance at forty years old, reached a prodigious age by perseverance in it. And it may be observed in proof of the use of temperance, that the poor who work hard on a moderate supply, where they can get enough to satisfy hunger, are much more healthy than their rich neighbours.

While investigating this subject, and comparing the practices alluded to with the medicinal effects of abstemiousness, I was led to the knowledge of one great principle in the animal economy, which is so important that no apology will be deemed necessary for detaining the reader while I endeavour to explain it. I allude to the principle of alteratives, or the salutary influence of change on the human constitution. I have already explained the benefit of abstinence, and the utility of living in a manner which, to ordinary minds, would be regarded as too low; nevertheless, it seems that this habitual abstemiousness alone falls far short of that medicina simplex which, in the absence of drugs, Nature points out to the student of physiology, as being conducive to the well-being of man. The constitution actually requires seasonable vicissitudes, and is relieved thereby, in a manner very like what the mind experiences from the pleasing changes of scene, so often recommended to invalids. The benefit of change of air and of place is one great illustration of this principle; the sudden relief from diseases of long standing on a change of weather is another; and it is probable that the vicissitudes of the several seasons of the year have been wisely contrived for simular purposes, and that, for this reason, Almighty God has, by inclining the pole of the earth towards its orbit, produced all that variety of spring and autumn, winter and summer, which both delight the mind and refresh the body, and which take off the *ennui* that might result from a life of atmospherical sameness, which would diminish the pleasures of being out of doors. Sir Anthony Carlysle, in his very sensible book on Old Age, justly regards these changes as tending to break in upon the bad habits of the constitution, and thereby to prevent the formation of chronic diseases: and he questions, on this principle, the expediency of adopting too much artificial warmth and clothing, and other habits tending to neutralize the alternate dominion of heat and cold, moisture and drought on the human frame.

CANNOT THE CHURCH FIND A SUBSTITUTE FOR "BENEFIT SOCIETIES?"

Sir,—It is surely a good sign, and one betokening *healthy* progress, when the minds of good and thoughtful men are occupied with points of *practical improvement;* and I am willing to regard such propositions as that of "Pastor Urbanus," and others of a similar nature, which have lately appeared in your columns and elsewhere, as a sign that men are *more than beginning* to be convinced that *something must be done*, as well as said and written, for the restoration of a better state of things in this country.

With this feeling I am induced to solicit attention to a subject, which few, if any, will deny to be of *great importance*, as well as one about which there are great *practical* difficulties. I allude to the subject of "*Benefit Societies*," e.g. "Odd Fellows," "Foresters," &c., to which, in their present state, no Churchman, I feel convinced, no one who desires to see the Church restored to her proper position in the hearts and *understandings* of the people, and efficiently discharging her high duties as the Divinely appointed instrument for the *benefit of all classes*, and the advancement of all real interests, can help entertaining strong objections, their existing constitution and practice being, as I think, subversive of true Church principle, calculated to draw people away from the Church.

The disposition of men's minds to unite in societies of this kind ought not to be overlooked, and if enlisted into her service by the Church, and *directed in a right channel*, might, I believe, be made extensively useful.

That some sound remedy has not been proposed cannot proceed from the evil not being appreciated, but rather, probably, from the difficulties in the way of discovering or applying a remedy. But *is it not a duty to attempt one?* I should be thankful indeed if these few observations could induce some of your readers, who have time and the peculiar talent for such a work, to give their attention to this subject, and to endeavour to suggest something which, in time, might help to bring these manifold independent societies within the influence and discipline of the Church, so that they might become "*wheels within a wheel*," within the divinely-framed wheel of Christ's Church.

I am, &c.,

English Churchman. A Parish Priest.

I wish I could persuade spiritual persons that the way to perfection does not consist in so many different practices, nor in thinking much; but in denying ourselves on every occasion, and in giving ourselves up to suffer all things for the love of Christ: if they fail in the performance of this exercise, every other method of walking in the spiritual life is but standing still and mere trifling, without any profit, even though they had the gift of the highest contemplation and the most intimate communication with God.—St. John of the Cross.

THE VISION OF AN ENGLISH SAXON MONK.

The grand object of monastic institutions was never lost sight of, viz., that mutual assistance should be rendered, and that their youth should be trained in such holy and reverential obedience, as would fit them for the more sacred offices of religion, which many of them were destined to fill. They thus observed the hours set apart for prayer, and that course of worship which the Catholic Church prescribed. "Let each one study according to his strength," said St. Boniface, the Archbishop of Mentz, in a letter to certain monks, "to keep himself in chastity, to assist others in the common concerns of life, and to continue in brotherly love, until the time of our return *from hence*, according to the will of God: and then praising God together, let us give thanks to Him in all things."

In an age of simplicity, when institutions which were considered to be under the special protection of God were thought to be avenged by Him, we cannot be surprised that the inmates of the monastery were believed to be occasionally favoured with supernatural visions, and that to such, a glimpse into futurity was vouchsafed. A singular vision of this kind is related by St. Boniface to have happened to a monk who fell into a trance. The subject of the narrative thought that the fleshy veil was removed from him, and that he beheld, at one view, the different parts of the world, with their inhabitants, and that angels of great and illustrious splendour received him as he was departing from the body, so that he could not for their splendour look upon them as they sung, "O Lord, rebuke me not in Thy wrath, neither chasten me in Thy displeasure:" with this song, however, they carried him into the air, and showed him the world enveloped in flames, so that the whole universe would have been consumed, had not an angel with the cross of Christ repressed the flames. Wherever the cross was applied, from that part the flame retired. He also felt the effect of the heat, and was alarmed by fiery spirits, until an angel touched his head, as a token of protection. He related, that during the time he was absent from the body, he beheld a greater number of souls quitting their bodies, and assembling where he was, than he had formerly believed to be in the world; and that there was an immense crowd of good and bad angels contending for the departing souls, the wicked grounding their cl ims on their accusations, and the good angels defending and excusing them. He then thought that all the sins which he had ever committed were personified, and that they all cried out against him. One cried out, I am thy lust, with which thou formerly lustedst unlawfully, and against the precepts of God: another, I am thy vain-glory, with which thou boastedst among men: another, I am a lie, with which thou sinnedst in lying: another, I am an idle word, which thou idly spakest: another, I am thy sight, with which thou sinnedst by seeing unlawful things: another, I am contumacy and disobedience, with which thou wert erst disobedient to thy spiritual seniors: another, I am sloth and idleness in the pursuit of sacred studies: another, I am idle thought and useless care, in which thou didst but too much indulge, both in and out of the church: another, I am a spirit of slumber, with which being oppressed, thou didst tard ly rise to praise God: another, I am an idle journey: another, I am negligence and carelessness, through which thou didst not apply thyself with proper diligence in sacred reading. Many other sins were likewise personified, of which he had been guilty, and which he had failed to acknowledge: many things also which he did not before conceive appertained to sin, now loudly cried out against him. The Evil Spirit confirmed these accusations, and claimed the victim as their own. But a few virtues came to his assistance, which he had formerly performed, and these, like his vices, were personified. One said, I am obedience, which he showed towards his spiritual seniors: another, I am fasting, with which he chastened his body, contending against the lust of the flesh: another, I am pure prayer, which he poured forth in the sight of God: another, I am kindness to the weak, which he manifested towards the sick: another, I am a psalm, which he sung to God, making satisfaction for an idle word: and thus each virtue strove against the opposite vice, and by these means defended him. The virtues which thus rose up in his defence appeared to have attained a great increase of weight since they were performed. He described the misery of the wicked whom he beheld. "I saw," said he, "pits of fire, many of which were belching forth a horrible flame, and the earth bursting fires of dreadful flames flew, and the spirits of wretched men, in the form of swarthy birds, weeping and howling in the flame, and hissing in words with human voice, and bewailing their own deserts and present punishments, by degrees settled on the brink of the pits, and again fell into them." The short respite from this pain was indicative of that future rest, which, in the judgment, God would vouchsafe unto them, but until then they were thus to suffer. He also heard the crying and groans of those beneath the earth, to whom the mercy of God would never be extended; but who would be tormented by the eternal flame. He, moreover, beheld the habitation of the righteous, in which a glorious multitude dwelt, who invited him to come and partake of their joy: and this place the angels declared was the famed paradise of God. There was also a fiery and pitchy river, bubbling and burning in a wonderful manner, and across it a piece of wood was placed, to serve as a bridge, over which those souls passed who did not falter; but some slipping from the wood, fell into the dark river, and were variously wet, but each was purified by the immersion. These were described as the souls of those who, for venial sins, required after their death, a farther cleansing by the mercy of God, that they might be worthy to be presented to Him. The angels also pointed out beyond the river bright and beautiful walls, of immense length and breadth, which they described as the sacred city of the Heavenly Jerusalem, where the souls of the blest would enjoy perpetual felicity.

He was afterwards, by order of the angels, restored to his body; and he proved the truth and reality of his vision, according to St. Boniface, by indisputable signs.

It will not be amiss to mention, that at the time to which we are now referring, it was customary for monastics to make occasional pilgrimages. It arose from a desire of abstracting themselves, as much as possible, from those cares, which necessarily occupy their minds in the discharge of their respective duties, that they might be enabled to realize that high spirituality of thought, to which monastic institutions were, not without reason, believed to be conducive. For this purpose, resort appears to have been made to the Church of St. Peter, at Rome, as there that perfect quiet could be obtained, which perhaps, under similar circumstances, could no where else be found, since when the superiors of the different religious houses were in residence, they were always accessible to their brethren.

Fox's Monks and Monasteries.

Truth is now so persecuted by all the dissimulations of the age, that people have not ingenuousness enough to speak frankly, nor strength enough to be sincere.

Beautiful and naked Truth does well not to show itself; it would be torn to pieces by the claws of Envy.

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